A

POEM

ON

CHESS.

[Price One Shilling.]

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LONDON,
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CHESS.

A CHALLENGE

From a Cavalier, who, one Evening, being vanquiſh'd by *Anna*, the Amazon, and declining a ſecond Combat, was, by her, poſted for a Coward.

To ANNA.

GROWN old in Arms, (and not a Vulgar Name,
Unhonour'd, in the *checquer'd* Fields of Fame;)
Practis'd to mow down Armies in my Sports,
And Kings impriſon in their own laſt Forts,
I baſely fear? From Dangers *I* retire?
Speed! Reparation! For my Soul's on fire;

I pant for Battle: If thou dar'ſt to face
A dreadleſs Foe, Appoint the Time and Place.
Yet, no dark Hour—in open Day we fight;—
You owe your boaſted Glory to the Night.
Fain wou'd I ſee, how *this Nocturnal Moon*
Will ſtand the Blazing of the *Sun* at Noon.
Come then, Bring all thy Stratagems in Play.
Ambitious, not to *win*, but *ſteal* the Day,

Obſerve no Rules of War, Conſult thy Fear,
And, e'er the Van has charg'd, advance the Rear:
Thy pert picqueering *Pawn*, ſent out before
To reconnoître, ſhall return no more.
And, fair I warn thee, Truſt no more * in ſlights,
Thoſe wily marches of thy Paultry *Knights*;

* Anna gain'd the Victory by means of her Knights well conducted.

Bent

Bent to ſurpriſe, with ſide-way ſteps they'll feign
Two drunken Rakes—Their Fraud ſhall prove in vain;
While each inſidious Knave in zigzag reels,
More open, honeſt men ſhall trip their heels;
Dragg'd from the Field the baſe extended Pair
Be thrown, unpitied, to the Flies of Air.

Thy mitred *Biſhops*, full of Prieſtly Rage,
In Broils forever foremoſt to engage,
Yet not, with an heroick ardor preſt,
Preſenting to the Foe a manly Breaſt,
But danger ſhunning, and, at diſtance due,
Eyeing the Battle with a Look aſkew,
In wait to act their homicide Intent
From cover'd Corners, which they moſt frequent:

(Whence

(Whence if they iſſue on the quadrate Plain,
To ſlay ſome Straggler of the Hoſtile Train,
Or ſome uncautious hardy Chief ſurpriſe,
The ſaintly Hypocrites ſtill keep their Guiſe;
With Face averted, ſeeming to abhor
Bloodſhed, they move *Diagonal* to War:
For Prieſts, tho' Blood they're prompt as Mars to Spill,
In *ways*, peculiar to themſelves, they kill;)
Shall fall inglorious in the direfull Day,
And learn too late, their Office was to *pray*,
Or, cloſely keeping by their Maſter's Side,
Perfume with Flattery the Royal Pride.

Nor ſhall thy daſtard *Rooks*, that lye in wait
To chace a routed Hoſt, eſcape their Fate.

A mighty

A mighty *Dame*, now ſhining in my Van
(Her force reſiſtleſs by the ſtrength of *Man*).
Whom high Prerogatives of *Woman* bear
Through all the *Walks* and all the Works of War,
Who ſcours the Plain, tremendous in her ſpeed,
Each motion menacing ſome dreadfull Deed,
Draws nigh; they, fearfull to ſuſtain the Charge,
Start from their Poſts, to range the Field at large;
From Right to Left they fly, from Left to Right,
Each, in his turn, avoids unequal Fight;
Advances now, now makes a ſwift Retreat,
Then ſeeks for ſhelter at his Prince's feet,
Or, poſted by his ſide in equal rank,
Seems there determin'd to defend his flank;
Weak Guards! The Conqu'ring Dame, the Monarch braves;
Forc'd in his Quarters he deſerts his Slaves;

Compell'd to travel, with majeſtick pace
He ſtalks away, yet feels the dire diſgrace;
Looks round with haughty mien, and tow'ring Head,
To call the Partner of his Arms and Bed,
In her experienc'd Strength ſecure to find
More potent Succours than he left behind;
Vain Confidence! His bold, advent'rous *Queen*,
Too far engaged, is by her foes hemm'd in,
Barr'd are the Paſſes, num'rous Troops around,
Yet, firm amidſt, ſhe there maintains her ground.

He, like a Monarch by his Peers betray'd,
Of *lower Men* now ſeeks the loyal Aid,
(Theſe often faithfull found, when Great ones fail
Blown here and there as Fortune ſhifts the Gale:)

Two *Pawns*, of ſteady Faith, not loud Pretence,
Extend their Bucklers in their King's defence,
Bravely reſolved (nor wiſh a whiter Lot)
To guard *his* Life, or die upon the Spot.

Mean time his *Rooks*, whom Peril erſt diſmay'd,
Freſh courage gath'ring from commutual aid,
With forces join'd the furious Dame attack,
One Brother poſted at the other's back:
The ſkilfull Warrior, wary, ſteps aſide
And bids her *Aide de Camp* go *check* their pride;
Sir Knight, *to you*, ſhe cries, *I give the care*
In flank to take them, *and divide the Pair*.
The Knight obeys, and ſtrait, with ampleſt ſtrides,
Fetches a Compaſs, to invade their Sides:

Affrighted,

Affrighted, trembling at the dread Deſign
That threatens both, if raſh they keep their Line,
Away one ſcampers far, acroſs the Plain,
Nor dares the other long from flight refrain;
Wandring, uncertain where to fix their Stand,
They fall ſucceſſive by a Woman's hand.
The private Soldiers, who to mercy yield,
Her Pity ſpares, ſhe ſcorns to ſweep the Field;
On higher Aims intent, impetuous flies
To end her Conqueſt with a nobler Prize.

Where fights the valorous, inveſted Queen,
(Unconquer'd ſtill, and with intrepid Mien)
Sudden ſhe comes——the Firſt whoſe ſight alarms
That Royal Rival, late her Match in arms,
Nor yet unequal, but the Fates deny
The ſingle Combat, with the means to fly:

Beſieged,

Beſieged, attack'd, o'erpow'rd, the High Soul'd Dame,
Still mindfull of her own, and Sexes Fame,
Diſdaining Men, and all their circling Bands
Submits, a Pris'ner in her Rival's hands.

PROUD ANNA ſees, and pale with terror grows,
Repents her ſcorning of Superior Foes;
Check, check, repeated Check, a dreadful Sound,
Deep, through her Ears, imprints a mortal wound;
Deſpair ſucceeds, down ſinks her haughty Mind,
Her Queen a captive, and her King confin'd.

ANNA's ANSWER.

BRIGHT Sir, refulgent *Blazer* of the Day,
Proud to have chac'd ſome twinkling Stars away;
That ſplendid Pow'r of yours, can None oppoſe?
How fares it, when the Moon and You are Foes?
A Blazing Sun has ſuffer'd an Eclipſe;
Are Heroes never troubled with the Hyps?
Not over-high *your* Pulſe, I fancy, beats,
Superb Hiſtorian of your future Feats.
What ſtrange, incomparable Courage ſhown,
In routing Armies, as you ſit alone!

Pity,

Pity, ſuch Deeds don't ſcare me from the Fight!

But I'm a Laſs, not apt to take a Fright,

No ſhy Dragoon upon the Plains of Leith,

A Daughter I of uncheckmated *Keith*.

Bred in the Camp of my unequal'd * Sire,

I learnt *his* Art of War, and catch'd his Fire;

Gambetts I fear not, and I ſcorn the Skill,

Bold to the Battle, and *Victorious* ſtill,

That ſome have fancy'd, who have felt my might,

Sure Conqueſt my *Hereditary Right*.

Boaſt not too early then, with triumph vain,

The fallen Mitres of my *Prelates* ſlain:

Ambroſe, That Ambroſe to remembrance bring,

Who *check'd* the Motions of a mighty King,

* Anna's Father is one of the beſt Players in the Kingdom.

Bad

Bad him the bounds of Paths Imperial know,
And ſtopt his Paſſage where he preſs'd to go.

Facetious, yet, impeach my *Knights* of Guile,——
The Jeſt's not wholly loſt—it makes me ſmile——
Laugh not too loud however, if by chance
My ſtagg'ring Knaves ſhou'd make your Monarch dance.
Thoſe hardy Chiefs affect no Rakiſh Reel,
Well taught to ſhift their Ground, and how to wheel,
Advance, retire, as Prudence points the way;
Yet practis'd in the Science, *When* to *ſtay*.

Let Rules of War *thy* Schemes of Fight controll,
Thy cautious, ſage, unenterpriſing Soul:
No beaten Tracks I tread, but, unconfin'd,
My Guide's each Impulſe of a daring Mind:

The Hero-born, is to himſelf a Rule,
His Genius dictates, and his Heart's the School;
For Leſſons, How to conquer, *there* he goes;
Then aſks from Fortune but to meet his Foes.
Slow to the Combat tho' my Front appear,
Nor ſtir to charge, you'll Forces find too near,
Nor penetrate, nor ward their deep Deſign,
Surpris'd and vanquiſh'd by my Second Line.

Led by their Queen, whoſe Motto's *Still the ſame*,
" The Firſt in danger, as the Firſt in Fame,"
My zealous Prelates, and my gallant Knights,
Careleſs of Safety, when Renown invites,
Your doubled Ranks ſhall pierce, and ſtorm the Poſt,
Where Royal Proweſs ſtruts behind his Hoſt,

Nor,

Nor, in the bold attempt, repine to die,
One Hero ſlain, another ſhall ſupply
The vacant dang'rous Place, the Charge renew,
And prove the force of Fortitude to *Do.*
If hard neceſſity, to end the ſtrife
With dear-bought Glory, claim a nobler Life;
My Queen herſelf, ſo fam'd for Martial Deeds,
More fam'd for Virtue, not unwilling bleeds:
Secure to win th' admiring world's applauſe,
She'll die, like Decius, in her Country's cauſe;
Smile in her Fall, and, with her lateſt Breath,
Sound VICTORY, made *certain* by her Death.

REPLY TO ANNA.

FAIR one, no more waſte time in Gaſconnade,
Prepare for Battle, Fighting is our Trade.
The Skill in War of thy illuſtrious Sire,
Thy Hero-Genius or thy Martial Fire,
Or Patriot-Virtue of thy valiant Queen,
Thou need'ſt not vaunt; For all the World has ſeen.
Yet let Remembrance tell thee *Where* and *When*
Ev'n *Condé* fail'd, and beat was Great *Turenne*.

Nor always *certain* Victory ſucceeds
To crown *his* Troops who *voluntary* bleeds:

Chiefs have *reſign'd*, by Death, a Leader's Care,
Not ſure of Conqueſt, but in deep Deſpair.

Late, when the Gallic * Knight beheld around
His fallen Warriors, breathleſs, load the Ground,
In heaps lye Slaughter'd, by their Gen'ral's fault,
Devoted Victims of his raſh Aſſault
On Fate, impell'd by diſappointed Pride,
He ruſh'd precipitate and deſp'rate dy'd.
Queens, when of all that made them *Shine* bereft,
Life's purpoſe loſt, will ſcorn the Life that's left.
Thy Royal Dame's too bold attempt may fail,
High ſhe may bid for Fame, yet not prevail,
The given Price, her Heroes Lives, be loſt,
Nor all the fruit of Courage pay the Coſt.

* Chevalier Belle-Iſle.

She,

She, ſhou'd her Prelates and her Knights, laid low,
Sad Prelude! warn her of th' impending blow,
To Death may fly, to Save her Glories paſt,
And hide her *One raſh* Action, by her *Laſt*.

Then, ſee the fate, your wretched Pawns attends!
No Queen conducts them, and no Knight defends;
Expos'd and ſcatter'd o'er the wide-ſtretch'd Plain,
They wiſh to join their ſtrength, but wiſh in vain;
Recoil they cannot, to advance is hard,
Some adverſe Pawns perhaps their March retard,
Or if, by chance, the Coaſt to *One* is clear,
And on he puſhes in a bold career,
Fir'd with the Hope, his Pawny Race once run,
To end a Giant, who a Dwarf begun,

Transform'd in Sex, and crown'd his Female head,
Shine a young Queen, and emulate the Dead;
Some dreadfull Rook, that eyes the great Deſign,
To intercept him, leaps into the Line,
Th' advent'rous Pawn, in combat hand to hand,
O'ermatch'd ſinks down, the reſt at mercy ſtand;
Depriv'd of Motion, and with Doubt accurſt,
All ills they dread, foredoom'd to feel the worſt.
Two Warrior-Biſhops, fam'd for ſleepleſs Care,
Still prone to pity, but averſe to ſpare,
Whoſe Glory 'tis their Enemies to love,
Yet all Occaſions of *Offence* remove;
Leſt petty Foes ſhou'd prove ſad ſtumbling Blocks
(For ſhips have founder'd, daſh'd on *little* Rocks)
Or be *Malignant*, when they can't rebel,
With prudent zeal They hurry them to Hell.

The talleſt Monarchs muſt ſubmit to Fate.
Darius fallen from his high Eſtate,
Forc'd by the Fortune of the War to roam,
Now ſolitary ſtands and far from home;
Back turns his Eyes, and views with anxious care
His empty Camp, nor hopes for ſafety there,
His Steps unknowing whither to direct,
Or ſhun his Foes, or on the Spot expect;
Sudden a Rook removes the ſhort Suſpence,
Be gone, Proud Prince, he bawls, and drives him thence.

As, when an Aſs, that from the Common ſtrays.
And breaks thro' Fences, in fat Meads to graze,
Is by the Farmer bang'd from off the Ground,
And Children chace him to the Pariſh Pound,

The heavy, ſtubborn Beaſt, with motion ſlow
And Step by Step, juſt budges, loth to go;
So moves of Majeſty the bulky weight,
Now Regal only in his Port and Gait,
(His Guards, his Army and his Pride ſubdu'd)
By Pawns inſulted, little Pawns purſu'd,
Till penn'd, and pounded by thoſe puny Bands,
Where late he reign'd, He there cloſe Pris'ner ſtands.

FINIS.